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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

SUNSHINE FURTHER ON.

"The mountain's base is wrapped in gray,
And chill and cheerless is the way,
As slow I tread the shadowed trail
That stretches upward still and pale.
But as I rise I see it glow
With what seemed mist and cloud below,
And soon I stand amid the dawn
Of warmth and sunshine—further on.

"O, soul, that beats the shadowed air
About the base of summits fair,
Be brave and patient. Mists obscure
The lower way, but hold secure
The higher path. For thou must rise
On toiling wings to clearer skies;
And though the way seems dull and gray,
It lightens toward the summit day.
Thou, too, shalt stand amid the dawn
That flowers in sunshine—further on."

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"ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE CHRISTIAN."

In a book written by William W. Johnson and published by Eaton & Mains of New York, with the foregoing title, there are set forth many things which show that Lincoln was a Christian man, although he hesitated for years to avow himself as such and never entered into church membership. He said once to a member of Congress: "I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altars, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

We think here of Whittier's words:

"O friends with whom my feet have trod
The quiet isles of prayer.
Glad witness to your zeal for God,
And love of man I bear.

"I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

"But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak,
My heart within me pleads."

Not long before his death, engaged in conversation one day with a woman in the work of the Christian Commission, of whose Christian character he had formed a very high opinion, Lincoln asked her to give him her idea of what constituted a true Christian experience. After she had done so he said: "I think I can safely say that I know something of that change of which you speak, and I will add further that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession."

This book shows Lincoln to have been a regular church attendant from the time he settled in Springfield, and the minister who was his pastor there testified years ago that he believed him genuinely converted to the Christian faith nearly ten years before he went to Washington to enter on the Presidency.

In 1850 Lincoln accepted an invitation to deliver an address before the Springfield Bible Society, the closing words of which address were: "It seems to me that nothing short of infinite wisdom could by any possibility have devised and given to man this excellent and perfect moral code. It is suited to men in all conditions of life, and includes all the duties they owe to their Creator, to themselves and to their fellow man."

Fourteen years later, in the summer of 1864, his old friend Joshua Speed, who was aware of the doubts and questionings of his earlier years, came upon him one night at the Soldiers' Home near Washington intently reading his Bible. When Speed remarked, "I am glad to see you so profitably engaged, Lincoln replied: "Yes, I am profitably engaged." "Well," said Speed, "If you have recovered from your skepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not." Lincoln looked Speed earnestly in the face, put his hand on his shoulder, and said: "You are wrong, Speed. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a happier man."

For years Lincoln turned to God in prayer, and showed his dependence in every way on a higher power.

Speaking in 1855 of the solution of the slavery question, he said: "The problem is too mighty for me. May God, in his mercy, superintend the solution!" In a letter to the National Republican Convention in 1860 he said: "Implore the assistance of Divine Providence, . . . I am most happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the convention."

And in February, 1861, standing on the platform of the car that was to transport him to Washington, he remarked that the task on which he was about to enter was more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington, and added: "Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same Omniscient Mind and Almighty Arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail; I shall succeed. Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will invoke his wisdom and guidance for me."

All the way to Washington, Mr. Johnson shows in this book, he made it known to the people whom he addressed that his thought was that his reliance and their reliance must be on God. It was in every speech, in every talk, from Springfield to Washington.

And on the morning of the inaugural, after finishing the writing of the address, he asked his family that they leave him alone for a short time. When they had gone to an adjoining room they heard his voice in prayer. "There, closeted with God alone, surrounded by enemies ready to take his life, he commended his country's cause to God's providential care, and with a mind calmed with communion with his Father in heaven, he came forth from that retirement ready for duty."

During those dark and trying days of civil war Lincoln was often with God in prayer.

After the second defeat of Bull Run, greatly distressed because of the number killed and wounded, Lincoln went

away by himself for prayer, and after a time of communion with the Almighty said: "I have done the best I could. I have asked God to guide me; and now I must leave the result with him."

After the victory at Antietam he went before his cabinet, with the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation in hand, and with the words: "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

After the battle of Gettysburg Lincoln made it known that he had been praying and that a sweet peace had crept into his heart as he prayed and a comforting assurance that "God had taken the whole business into his hands and that things would go all right at Gettysburg."

Asked then concerning Vicksburg, the news of the victory of which had not yet reached him he said: "I have been praying for Vicksburg also; and I believe our Heavenly Father is going to give us victory there too."

Once when Dr. John D. Hill, a Buffalo physician, who was a member of the Sanitary Commission, congratulated Lincoln on having originated such a wonderful plan for the care of the sick and wounded soldiers, Lincoln said: "You must carry your thanks to a higher power." And then he added: "One stormy night I tossed on my bed, unable to sleep as I thought of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers and sailors. I spent an hour in agonizing prayer to God for some method of relief, and he put the Sanitary Commission in my mind, with all its details, as distinctly as though the instructions had been written out by pen and handed to me."

Never, perhaps, did any statesman or great national leader resort more to prayer than did Abraham Lincoln. Once he remarked to a friend: "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

There is testimony to the effect that Mr. Lincoln himself said that after he went to the White House he kept up the habit of daily prayer.

John Nicolay, who was his private secretary, has written: "Many a time I have heard Mr. Lincoln ask ministers and Christian women to pray for him."

Never, so far as we know, was there such an event as that in Washington when news came of the capitulation of Lee—the President of a great nation and members of his cabinet in prayer, with hearts too full for utterance, silently on their knees giving thanks to God that the long struggle was ended and the Union saved.

Mr. Johnson tells of this occurrence, which is almost without exception accepted as an historical fact, but states that it could not have been as generally reported at a cabinet meeting on the day the news was received; that no cabinet meeting was held that day or that evening; that Secretary Welles was the only cabinet officer who saw Mr. Lincoln that Sunday evening, and that the incident probably occurred at an informal gathering of the cabinet the following morning. When they did come together, though hours after the news came, neither the President nor any member was able to give utterance to his feelings, so deep was their emotion, and then at the suggestion of Lincoln all dropped on their knees in silent thanksgiving.

Many persons will wish to have this book by Mr. Johnson, setting forth as it does the many things showing the

Christian faith and character of this great national personage. There are citations for every statement to the sources of information, and there is thus a comprehensive and reliable presentation of the many things going to show that Abraham Lincoln the lawyer, Abraham Lincoln the President and statesman, was also Abraham Lincoln the Christian. The price of the book is one dollar net.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S LATEST BOOK.

"Present Day Theology."

"The Christian truth of this day is able to make men and women of this day strong, brave, happy Christians," says Dr. Washington Gladden in the introduction to his recent book on "Present Day Theology." "But they must get hold of it, and understand it and make it their own." This means, he adds, that it must be taught frankly and explicitly. To this end Dr. Gladden gave to his people at Columbus, Ohio, last year a series of lectures which are now sent forth in a volume with the foregoing title. Dr. Gladden says: "In my service as preacher in the universities I have been astounded by the kind of questions that have been put to me by students, supposed to be well educated, who have always been church-goers, in intelligent communities, but who are still stumbling over conceptions of religious truth which it has been impossible for any intelligent teacher to hold for a quarter of a century." In justification of changed interpretations Dr. Gladden makes note of the changed way of accounting for the facts of astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, geography, physiology, etc. "The facts of most of these sciences have not greatly changed, but our knowledge of the facts has been wonderfully enlarged, and our way of accounting for them has been greatly changed." The same things are shown to be true of the facts of religious knowledge and of the religious life. "We have the same essential facts to deal with that Augustine and Luther and Calvin and Wesley had, only these facts have been marvelously multiplied and extended; the universe in which we live is a vastly greater universe than that of which they knew, and we are compelled by our enlarging knowledge of God and man, of nature and the supernatural, to give very different explanations of the things we know than those which sufficed them."

Mentioning what is today an accepted fact that vast multitudes of people lived and perished here upon the earth long before the dawn of history, ages on ages before Abraham was, or any sign of the religion which we profess had appeared upon the earth, the author says: "These are facts which were wholly unknown to the men who fashioned our traditional creeds; and the discovery of them is sure to call for some reshaping of long-accepted theories about God and man."

Dr. Gladden's thought is that man's conception of God and his attitude to God are progressive: "If God is leading humanity by his spirit, as the shepherd leads his flock, then the thoughts of men must be widened with the process of the suns; what we call the social consciousness must slowly but surely change from generation to generation, and out of that purified social consciousness must come better thoughts about God, and better explanations of religious truth, a new theology, a theology renewed and enlarged from age to age."

Fairbairn, one of the greatest theologians of the 19th century, is quoted as having said: "The old pagan mind into which Christianity first came could not possibly

be the best interpreter of Christianity, and the more the mind is cleansed of the pagan, the more qualified it becomes to understand this religion. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that the later forms of truth should be the truer and purer." As to a new theology Dr. Gladden's own belief is that "it is precisely as reasonable to expect it as it is to expect new leaves upon the trees in the spring-time." "The rational and reverent mind should be looking for such a restatement and should be ready to receive it."

Remarking that in all development there are constant elements which must be held fast, that "great care is needed lest in pruning away the dead wood we sacrifice vital and fruitful branches," he sends forth this volume on what is hoped will be a mission of good.

The Pacific desires to say to its readers, Get this book and read it. Buy it and have it in your home. The dollar paid for it will be well spent.

Here is a man long a leader in the work of Congregationalism and the Church Kingdom! His life has been shaped in accordance with the principles of Righteousness. Seeking constantly the guidance of the Spirit it does not seem credible that he has been allowed in any of the essential truths to go astray.

In this volume he writes on the great questions: God and Man, Nature and the Supernatural, Sin and Salvation, Heaven and Hell, The Incarnation, The Atonement, Forgiveness, The Life Everlasting.

We shall not spoil these excellent articles by an attempt to give in brief space a knowledge of what they contain. Suffice it to remark that we believe the book will do good in any home to which it may be given access. Christian parents should realize that new theology is being presented in crude ways to their children in many diverse channels of communication—and in many channels they are getting real skepticism and are being wholly unsettled. But here is a man who has left his mark on the world in every way and work for the last half century. He comes with a present-day presentation. It is different from the old. But it is satisfying to him and thousands of others. Old things have passed away, he says, things have become and are becoming new. But withal: "There has never been a day since Jesus was lifted up on Calvary when the life of Jesus, simple, human, brotherly, held so commanding a place in the thoughts and affections of the human race as it holds today; never a day when he was speaking through so many lips his messages of good will and a day when it was so plain that the way of Jesus is the way of life for the world."

A pugilistic evangelist has said: "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is the worst rot that was ever dug out of hell."

Dr. Gladden quotes Fairbairn as saying that Jesus makes the Fatherhood the basis of all the duties which man owes to God. "Supreme love to God is possible only because God is love. On the ground of mere sovereignty or judicial and autocratic authority the first commandment could never be enjoined. We can not love simply because we will or wish or are commanded, but only because we are loved. Supreme affection is possible only through the sovereign Fatherhood. And what is true of this first is true of all duties. . . . Duty is but the habit of filial spirit, and it is possible and incumbent on all men, because all are sons."

"Some may be thinking," writes Dr. Gladden, "that if the doctrine of Fatherhood thus supplants the doctrine of sovereignty, no foundations will be left for the maintenance of justice, for the upholding of God's rectoral honor,

for the punishment of sin. That is an apprehension which widely prevails, and men are often heard charging that the new theology has abolished all the sanctions of law and has no terrors or warnings for transgressors." However he shows that the new theology does not blind the facts of life, and that the facts of retribution are too palpable to be ignored. "The doctrine of the Fatherhood has to be interpreted in connection with an order of nature in which we live, and in which sin is punished with severity and a certainty which the old theology never began to conceive." Perhaps some one says: "If God is my Father I shall surely be rescued from this pit, by and by, no matter what I may do; he will save me in spite of myself." "No," says Dr. Gladden, "he will not do that, just because he is God. The one thing that every wise father respects is his child's personality. He will not overbear or coerce his choices, in the highest things. If our heavenly Father were a despot he might compel us to obey; he could not compel us to love. He is not a despot; he is a Father; he wants our love, and he will wait until we freely give it to him. He will let us suffer; yea, he will suffer with us, but he will not try to coerce our love. The Father's true attitude is expressed by one writer thus: We are not to say, 'I will conquer that child no matter what it may cost him;' but we are to say, 'I will help that child conquer himself, no matter what it may cost me.'" That is what Fatherhood means.

"The one thing which the new theology makes central," says Dr. Gladden, "is believing Christ."

"Believing Christ. This is the first thing to do. Instead of saying believe in Christ or believe on him, or believe something about him, which suggests theological formularies not easy of comprehension, I would begin by saying, Believe him. This is a perfectly simple thing to do. Believe what he tells you about the meaning of life. Believe what he has said in the Sermon on the Mount. Believe that the Golden Rule is the right rule to live by every day and everywhere. . . . Through believing his word and abiding in his truth and sharing his life we shall be brought into fellowship with the Father whose love he reveals."

"Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly vine,
Within our earthly sod;
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God."

President Finney of Oberlin didn't like to see debt encumbered churches dedicated to the Lord. That he finally overcame his scruples is evident from the following in a prayer offered by him: "O Lord, we offer this house to thee. It is not yet finished, indeed. But we remember that we have frequently offered ourselves to thee and thou hast accepted us, though thou knowest that we are far from being finished yet."—Mr. Finney, who was very explicit in his prayers, at one time in family worship presented the following petition on behalf of the hired man: "Dear Lord bless William, and help him to remember to shut the barn doors, for thou knowest that, if I am cumbered with such cares as these, I can not give my mind to the care of souls." At another time he prayed concerning a visitor who was about to take departure from his home: "Now, Lord, bless this young lady. Thou knowest I have tried to do her good; but, O Lord, thou knowest she is so peculiar!" We are reminded of the old Quaker who remarked to his wife: "All the world is queer, except thee and me; and thee is a little queer."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Century Magazine announces for its October issue an article by Theodore Roosevelt on "Progressivism—Its Status, Accomplishment, and Future, One Year After the Birth of the Progressive Party."

Rev. Dr. Kozaki, of Tokio, Japan, Moderator of the Congregational Churches of Japan, has just completed an extensive tour of America, and sails from San Francisco September 4th. He spoke at the Lake Geneva Missionary Conference, and left a son as a student at Oberlin College.

A characteristic feature of the new Buddhism in Japan is the effort to use the national spirit to maintain loyalty to religion. The Buddhists in America oppose the work of Japanese Christian missionaries by declaring that Christians are weakening the allegiance of their people to their native country and are socialists and anarchists of the worst kind.

The Rev. Dr. Leonard, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Seattle, has contributed to The Pacific Christian Advocate an article on "The Seattle Riot," in which he says: "We wish to have it distinctly understood that the people of the City of Seattle are with Mayor Cotterill." Dr. Leonard says of The Seattle Times: "Its specialty for sixteen months has been a 'red flag campaign' for political effect in the desired destruction of Mayor Cotterill, for the restoration of 'wide open' vice conditions and the unchecked rule of private monopoly corporations."

Dr. Kroeber of the Department of Anthropology of the University of California says that "the Jew is not a race, that he is a group, a caste, in the better sense of the word, held together by religion." Hence the emphasis is justified, says Dr. Kroeber, which the Jew has always laid and still lays on his faith. "The Jews were the first people in the world to actively nationalize their religion, and ever since they have been religionizing their nationality. Their future as Jews is clearly and indissolubly bound up with Jewish belief and worship; but their future as human beings is in no sense limited or predestined by any bonds of race, but lies in themselves as individual men, and in their ideals and character."

At the recent Southern California convention of the Church of the Disciples (or "Christian") the educational and college committee reported on the proposition of co-operation with Pomona College and the matter of a denominational college. The report was in part: "It is still the belief of the committee that the possibilities of the realty deal and the establishment of an independent college have not been thoroughly investigated; and, as other sites than those that have been looked into have been suggested, we recommend first, that the college committee be instructed to continue its investigations along that line; second, that the committee submit our program to various cities in Southern California, with the request that they present inducements for locating an institution of learning in their midst where the Disciples of Christ would center their educational interests; third, that the convention of Northern California be requested to keep open the offer they kindly made a year ago to transfer Berkeley Bible Seminary to Southern California."

Father Bradley of Old St. Mary's Church, San Francisco, takes The Monitor, our Roman Catholic contemporary, to task for republishing an article in The Catholic Herald in criticism of the Chinese. He says: "I have met the Chi-

nese daily in the classroom, have visited them in their homes, have eaten at their tables, have instructed and baptized them, and in the secrecy of the Confessional have gazed upon their naked souls. I am not rushing hotly into this reply—I am going about it from conviction based upon personal knowledge, and I do not hesitate to brand the contribution on the character of the Chinese, as most unfair, uncharitable and utterly senseless." Father Bradley testifies: "The Chinese people, taken apart from the highbinders and some others such as are found in every race, are in my opinion, and in that of any fair-minded person who knows them, a clean, honest, quiet, home-loving, law-abiding people."

The Christian Japanese of California have given much consideration to the question of mediating between Americans and Japanese in the last few months, when the feeling has been so strained over the recent legislation. Under the Japanese Interdenominational Missionary Society they have redoubled their efforts to reach scattered communities of Japanese with the message of peace and good will through the gospel. They have considered plans of developing a more cordial feeling by the employment of speakers both in American churches and in large mass meetings of the Japanese. An evidence of the remarkable influence which this organization has secured in the Japanese community is the fact that representatives of the Japanese Association of America have recently come to the officers of this Christian Japanese organization offering two hundred dollars a month to be used by them in the employment of an American evangelist who shall seek to bring Japanese and Americans together on the basis of Christian brotherhood. The appointment has been offered to Rev. H. H. Guy, D.D., of Pacific Theological Seminary, and he will devote at least half of his time to this service. It is hoped that American churches everywhere will be open to him with his message of international brotherhood through Jesus Christ.

At Nome, Alaska, Congregationalists and Methodists are carrying on federated work in a satisfactory manner. A correspondent of the Pacific Christian Advocate writes: "Rev. William P. Baldwin arrived in Nome a few days ago to take charge of the Eskimo mission in this city, and he will be assisted by Miss Barnett, who spent two years in settlement work here, and was formerly a worker at Jesse Lee Home, Unalaska. The mission will be conducted in our church in Nome, and the federated church will occupy the Congregational building just across the street. In this way both churches will be occupied, and the work of God carried forward among different classes of people. There is a large Eskimo population in Nome, and they come here from all over the peninsula. Work in the federated churches has been very satisfactory throughout the year. Both societies have fulfilled the saying of Wesley, 'Is your heart as my heart? Give me thy hand.' So complete has been the sense of union that it would be difficult to tell which is Methodist, and which Congregational. It is a fine example of brethren dwelling together in unity. The results have been a larger congregation, reduction of missionary appropriation for support of the work, and increase of local support, greater, in fact, in one year, than in three years in our church before the congregations federated. Wisdom is justified of her children. Both congregations are satisfied with the present arrangement, and it should be continued. It is expected the Congregational Church will supply the pulpit next year, though we have no assurance of the fact. And it may be this church will look after the English-speaking

work at Nome, and our church confine itself to work among the Eskimos. At present the Eskimo work is well in hand; but the English-speaking church is unsettled, restless, fearing they will be as sheep not having a shepherd. Navigation closes in October until next June, which explains the local anxiety. It would be a reproach for two great churches to leave this congregation without a pastor through a long Arctic winter."

Mr. C. C. Chapman of Fullerton, California, who is a leading layman in the "Christian" Church, remarked at the recent convention at Long Beach: "Entirely new social conditions have arisen in Southern California, and the church must, in a measure at least, adjust itself to these conditions. The trolley car, the automobile, the boulevards, and the beach resorts, as well as our equable climate, make conditions more difficult to meet than in the days of persecution and martyrdom. Will the church prove equal to these new conditions, prove faithful to the trust which the Master has committed to it, even as the martyrs of old proved loyal to the end? I believe the gravest responsibility rests upon this generation, for we must meet these conditions wisely, and not permit them to dissipate or neutralize the power of the kingdom." A correspondent of The Christian Evangelist writes: "Besides these new conditions, President Chapman mentioned some old ones yet to be reckoned with, especially the divisions in the church, and made a strong plea, not only for the reunion of Christ's scattered disciples, but also for the spirit of Christ in contending for that which Jesus and his apostles so clearly teach." Our brethren of this religious body have much to say concerning church union. But almost without exception they desire it only on the basis of baptism by immersion. Congregationalists have long advocated union on a much broader platform, leaving such things as the mode of baptism to be determined by individual choice.

A SEVEN YEAR OLD MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Says: "Angels Teach Me."

Doris Ryan, a seven-year-old Chicago girl, has attracted much attention of late as a composer, a pianist and an orchestra leader.

We condense from the New York Times an article concerning her:

Chicago had its first public introduction to her not long ago. Orchestra Hall, shrine of classic music, built as the home of the orchestra founded by Theodore Thomas, was crowded with a fashionable assemblage. An orchestra of thirty-five pieces was tuning up. A chair was placed on the leader's dais.

From beneath the stage came Doris Ryan, a fragile little figure in white frock and blue sash, embarrassed, blushing, hanging her head as a thousand lorgnettes and opera glasses were trained upon her. She was lifted upon the chair—she was so small that the musicians could not have seen her if he had not been thus elevated. A baton was placed in her hand. As her fingers closed about it her trepidation vanished. She straightened her little body, threw back her head and tapped a music rack with an air of authority. Then as she waved her baton the orchestra plowed gaily into the music of "The Doris March," a tuneful, dashing melody composed by the child herself.

Throughout the rendition the little girl seemed perfectly self-oblivious and lost in the music. There was no trace of stage fright about her. She directed the orchestra

in a way that left no doubt in the minds of musicians or audience that she knew exactly what she wished done.

When the music needed a stronger touch of the violins or reeds she turned to those instruments and with vigorous beats of her baton urged them in greater emphasis. Once the horns did not play as she thought they should and she waved at them decisively and stamped her foot in a burst of temperamental irritation. Again, the music seemed to drag slightly.

"Not that way," cried the little maid with a frown, and she cut the air with a quick, angry stroke that woke the musicians to a livelier measure.

As the last note of the march died away Doris ceased suddenly to be the leader of the orchestra and became a child again. Her embarrassment returned. She did not turn and bow to the audience, which had burst into a tumult of applause, but climbed down from her chair and slipped away out of view in the shadows beneath the stage.

One of the members of the orchestra caught her in his arms and carried her out before the audience again. She hid her face on his shoulder. "Bow to the people," urged the musician. So, timidly, she straightened up in his arms and bowed her acknowledgement to the thunder of clapping hands.

"Did the orchestra play your music to suit you?" Doris was asked after the concert.

"No, they didn't—not exactly," replied this critic of seven. "They missed the tempo several times and they did not always bring out the music. They wanted to play it in their way and their way was not always right. I wrote the music and I know just how it should be played and I tried to make them play it my way. But after all the orchestra did pretty well."

Doris was born in Detroit. She is the daughter of Sylvester and Millie E. Ryan. She is the youngest of six children. Her father is a printer and her mother a dressmaker. Neither her parents nor her brothers and sisters have any special musical talent. Doris was born a musician. Her musical aptitude manifested itself while she was a baby in arms.

When only a few months old she would lie quiet and happy in her cradle while her mother played some simple melody on the piano. But one discord, one mistake in the harmonic working out of the music, and sobs and shrieks would come from the crib in which the tiny musician lay.

As she grew older she began to hum snatches of songs which her mother and sisters sang about the house. Long before she could talk, before her baby lips had learned to form her first word, mamma, she could carry a tune from beginning to end. Often when her brothers and sisters sang a song the baby surprised them by crooning alto.

When 2 years old she learned to play the piano. When her mother first set her on the stool in front of the piano the child seemed delighted. Her little fingers reached out and sank into the keys as if in obedience to custom. She struck a chord. Her mother laughed, thinking it was an accident. But Doris soon convinced her it was no accident.

In a short time the child began to work out tunes. She never asked help. Sometimes when her mother would attempt to instruct her the little girl would show irritation and wave her away and work out her melody in her own way, often after hours of effort. At times she would play tunes which none of the family had ever heard before and which plainly were the baby's own improvisations.

The Ryan household had an experience when Doris was 4 years old. At 2 o'clock one morning they were awakened from sleep by the playing of the piano in the parlor. They stole downstairs and found Doris in her thin night robe picking out a melody which was new to them. They opened the door softly. Intent upon her music the child did not notice them as they stood in the doorway. When the girl had worked out the piece to her satisfaction she slipped from the stool and started back up stairs to bed. Her mother caught her in her arms.

"Where did you learn that piece?" her mother asked.

"Oh, mamma," cried Doris, "the angels taught it to me. While I was asleep I dreamed the angels came and sang a song to me. It was the prettiest song I ever heard. I kept as still as a mouse for fear I might scare them away, and listened to their singing. When they flew away on their bright wings I woke up. But their song still ran through my head. I remembered every note of it. I did not dare wait until morning for fear I might forget it. So I got out of bed and ran down stairs to the parlor and played it on the piano."

The next morning Doris played the song again and Mrs. Ryan set down the notes, wrote words to it and had it published under the title of "My Lullaby." The mother's words have caught the spirit of the child's dream song:

Shadows and moonbeams are hand in hand,
Guarding the pathway to Slumberland;
Even the lilies have gone to rest,
Safe with their heads on the river's breast.
Guardian angels with silver wings,
Silently hovering nigh,
While the night wind sings
Of holy things
In a mother's lullaby.
Slumber, my dearest, the Shepherd will guide you,
All through the night he is ever near,
Keeping his watch with the angels beside you,
Slumber, dear.

When 6 years old, Doris went to school. She took great interest in the drills and marches of the children, but she did not like the music to which these exercises were performed. For several days she sat at her piano at home after school and tried to compose a march, but the music to suit her would not come.

One night after she had gone to sleep, according to the child's own story, the angels came again and sang a swinging march song to her. The next morning she played it on her piano and Mrs. Ryan again set the music upon paper. The piece was subsequently published as "The Doris March," and it was this composition which the orchestra played under Doris' leadership at Orchestra Hall.

At 7 years of age Doris is now an accomplished musician. She has an artist's repugnance to ragtime and popular song music. She leans almost entirely to musical classics. Some of her own favorites are Lizt's Twelfth Rhapsody, Moszowski's "Serenade," Chopin's "Nocturne" and Brahms' "Prelude." These pieces are difficult even for an accomplished performer on the piano.

Doris is a slim, pretty child with brown eyes and dark hair cropped off about her neck. She has been delicate from babyhood.

"How do you account for your musical knowledge?" the little girl was asked recently.

"I don't know," she answered frankly. "I have always seemed to know music somehow. When I first sat at the piano the keyboard looked familiar to me. I don't know why—it just did."

"Do you really think the angels teach you?"

"Yes."

"Do you see them plainly?"

"As plainly as I see you. They have white robes and shining wings, and their hair is like gold. I never see them when I am awake. They come to my bedside in dreams and sing to me. I remember the songs they sing, just as if they were printed on my brain. If it was not for the angels I don't believe I could play. I have never had a music lesson. I have had to learn everything else and have had to study as hard as other little boys and girls."

When requested to play Doris went to the piano with a serious and demure air. She sat on the edge of the stool that her toes might touch the pedals. She played a serenade by Chopin. It was interesting to watch her fingering. She thundered on the bass keys; she rippled over the treble. At times she lifted her hand high and dropped a finger like a pebble on a key. In rapid passages her small hands made a white blur above the keys.

The sureness of her touch was remarkable. Her breadth and clearness of tone, clear phrasing, nice nuances, perfect rhythm brought out all the beauties of the piece. She played with understanding and expression and displayed the technique and virtuosity of an artist. One recognized at once her real interpretative ability.

THE CHURCH ADAPTIVE.

John Wright Buckham.

Many young ministers, and not a few elder, together with an innumerable host of laymen, imagine that a church, in order to be a church, must have a certain set of organizations, a certain fixed round of functions and certain conventional methods of worship and work. The prevalence and strength of this idea have led to a blind and mechanical conformity to type which has made too many churches lifeless and ineffective even in the midst of beckoning opportunities.

It is one of the strengths of Christianity that it has no prescribed form of church organization, or worship, or method of work. The church has succeeded when she has adapted herself to environment and need; she has failed when she has not been alive to the principle of adaptation. Nothing is more disheartening than to see an institution, especially the church, persisting in worn-out methods and ill-chosen measures when all the vitality has gone from them. The first thing for a church to do is to open its eyes to its own peculiar task, to study local conditions and needs in order to find out what to do and how to do it. An uptown church with downtown methods, a downtown church with uptown methods, a little church with big machinery, a big church with no organized agencies of service—these incongruities and incompetencies are as frequent as they are unfortunate.

There is little virtue and no advantage in keeping up forms and customs and traditions when they have lost their meaning and value. And yet that is just what a great many good people and well-meaning churches are doing, simply through a defective sense and power of adaptation.

It is like going right on fishing when the stream is dry, or skating when the ice is out, or planting when the ground is frozen. The motions are the same, but the result is not rewarding. The church is not in the world to make antique good uncouth. Its function is not to misread the times, and misjudge situations, but to minister to men and women—not indeed according to their wishes, but according to their wants.

It is often assumed that a church is not doing a successful work unless it has a large Sunday-school and a flourishing Young Peoples' Society and a well attended prayer-meeting and a stirring Ladies' Aid Society, and all the rest of the church alphabet; but this is to impose a superficial standard of success. One star differeth from another star in glory. The leading church of a leading denomination in one of our great cities for a long time had but a miniature Sunday-school and a small prayer-meeting. The pastor of the church was wise enough not to beat his brains out or send in his resignation because he could not secure either of these. He worked to make his church serve the needs of the great apartment hotels amid which it is located. Accomplishing that end the church had no cause to sigh for a crowded Sunday-school or classes in cooking or any other form of work that it was not called upon to do. Other churches may have small congregations and large Sunday-schools. Churches should be as diverse in their methods and as fertile in resources as their fields are diverse and their opportunities peculiar. We need a church militant; we need also a church adaptive.

NOTES FROM JAPAN.

Sidney Strong.

I telegraphed Friday afternoon, August 2d, to Matsuyama, five hundred miles to the west of Tokyo, where my friend, Rev. Dr. Horatio B. Newell, is a most efficient missionary teacher and preacher, to discover if he were at home. I wanted to see him and wished to shape my itinerary in harmony. It took over ten words to say what was necessary, my message had to be translated into Japanese, I paid for a reply message, and the whole transaction cost a little over fifty cents.

The message said, "At Karuizawa," and as a result Saturday and Sunday were spent in Karuizawa, the summer resort of several hundred missionaries and Association workers. Let me tell you about Karuizawa, for every Christian in the States should know of this largest summer Conference and Rest Resort for Christian workers on the shores of Asia.

Let me first speak of the railway ride there of nearly 100 miles. The round trip, second class, was \$1.70. Second class is quite good enough. There is a third class where the comforts are about equal to the average American street car. We have grown fond of the Japanese railways. They are patterned after the English, with a smattering of German. The trains are on time. The stations along the road are all clean. There is the block-system in use. Tickets are usually printed in English as well as Japanese. The stations are supplied with overhead crossings. In many places there is a double track. Accommodations for refreshments are excellent. For three cents one can get a pot of tea with a cup; for ten cents, a nice luncheon; for four cents, a bottle of cool, sterilized milk. Little blocks of ice are sold for a cent apiece.

On the way to Karuizawa, one section of the road has twenty-seven tunnels during thirty minutes. But electric

power, with the Abt system, is used and everything is sweet and comfortable.

Then as to the country, on the way up to Karuizawa, with the rice fields and a great variety of other products of the soil, one is reminded of some of the most favored garden-spots of England and Germany. The people may wear clogs and raiment similar to what Abraham and Paul wore, and the women may squat on the plush seats and look like old-fashioned pictures—nevertheless one can't get out of his head that before him for eighty miles of railway travel is a veritable garden—and it would be the same I imagine in a hundred different directions. And one can't get out of his head, that in America are hundreds of thousands of acres of desert that await the touch of such patient skillful hands as the Japanese possess to change them into gardens.

As for Karuizawa, it is among the hills, 3,000 feet above the sea level. It was selected some years ago for its cool, bracing climate, as a resort for missionaries. Not far away is a smoking volcano, reminding you that Japan has twenty live volcanoes, and that the land gets a shaking up every now and then. We arrived on Saturday afternoon and found a large company of the elect at the tennis court and ball park—play and work and rest being well mixed in the average missionary's vacation. The bulletin-board contained notices of lectures on Buddhism, on kindergarten work, on evangelism, of a Benefit Concert, of a Tennis Tournament, and of a lost umbrella.

Sunday was one long to be remembered. The resorters have erected a summer church and auditorium holding 600 people. It is generously equipped with hymn-books and organ. We got there in time for Sunday-school, presided over by Mr. Truman, Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Nagasaki. The Bible class was studying the Book of Matthew. Looking around my eyes fell upon the face of my old friend, Rev. Charles A. Nelson, who is doing fine work in Canton. Next on the face of Rev. Geo. Allchin, with whom I crossed the Atlantic in 1891, on the S. S. "Chicago," that bore 60 Congregational Pilgrims to the International Council in London. Then I saw Mrs. De Forrest and Mrs. Clark and Miss Cozad and others of the worthies whom it is impossible to mention.

It was the same, only more so, at the morning service. The room was filled with 600 of God's noble men and women, gathered from Japan, Korea and China, and the regions beyond. It was close to being thrilling to be in an assembly of American Christian leaders, 5,000 miles from the fatherland—an assembly which for culture, inheritance and character could not be duplicated I think in any part of the earth.

The organist played "The Pilgrim's Chorus," as a call to worship. The octette sang, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," the congregation sang such songs as "Father Again in Jesus' Name We Meet," "We Would See Jesus, the Great Rock Foundation," "Fairest Lord, Jesus." Rev. H. Y. S. Peeke, a Presbyterian, conducted the service and my friend, Dr. Horatio B. Newell, preached the sermon.

This sermon was a remarkable one, in simplicity, richness of experience and thought. It was on "Faith, Hope and Love—the Three Dimensions of Christian Character." That sermon started in the heart of a Jew living in Rome, was transplanted to America, via England, and grew up in Japan. No wonder, like Burbank's daisy, a blending of American and English and Japanese daisies, it was a great sermon. There was a quality of universalism in the ser-

mon, that the gospel and the missionaries so conspicuously possess. In speaking of hope, Dr. Newell said, "Contrast the despair of Woolsey—'the third day comes a killing frost,' with the hope rooted in Christ'; on the third day he arose from the dead." In speaking of Love, Dr. Newell, having his mind on Japan and America, said, "If Christianity falls at 'love,' it fails everywhere."

Karuizawa is not a Chautauqua nor a Winona, but simply a beautiful valley, guarded by a smoking volcano, having a restoring atmosphere, and where nearly 1,000 Anglo-Saxons, engaged in Christian work in Asia, gather, and with little organized program, work and play and rest. Americans residing on the Pacific Coast might do well to cross the Pacific for the sole purpose of spending the summer at Karuizawa.

MORE VERY ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

How Those First Settlers Lived.

It is hard for us in these days of modern rush and tumult to realize the strange simplicity of the life of the antediluvians. One of our modern theologians has written an instructive book which he calls "The Simple Life," but his picture is but a feeble one, compared with the real simplicity of our earliest ancestors.

The mass of dense vapor that clothed the earth so diffused the sun's rays that our present extremes of hot and cold were unknown, so that the thousands of devices which we use, to defend us from the ill influences of climate, were uncalled for. There was not the climate of Eden, in which clothing was not needed, but arctic cold and tropic heat were unknown. Animal and vegetable life was most luxuriant. Our elephants and sequoias are pigmies in comparison with their fauna and flora. Then grew those massive ferns from which come our present beds of anthracite coal. Then lived those massive saurians, etc., fragments of whose skeletons are so eagerly sought and greatly prized now. Giant men associated and fought with huge beasts, conquerors or conquered, as it might be, while some of the milder kinds were subdued and trained for service to man. The camel, ass, bullock and perhaps the three-toed horse were thus made useful, while the megatherium cave bear and giant saurian proved worthy antagonists for giant men, armed with such rude weapons as had been invented by them. War with savage beasts, for food or safety, as well as with hostile tribes of men for place of abode, taxed the energies of the giant antediluvians. After Babel there was little peace in the ancient world.

It is hard for moderns, used to their myriad conveniences, to conceive rightly the simple mode of life of those physically grand men. They had neither railroads nor even highways, having no use for either. The camel, ass, bullock and possibly the horse, relieved the tedium of foot travel, but these needed only paths, and unlike us moderns, they had little occasion for travel, either as pastime or occupation. Some of them lived a migratory life, like the Arabs and Indians of our days, and for the same reasons, but most of them abode in the homes of their fathers. The migrators were mostly children of Cain.

In the earliest age they had implements of wood and flint for their only weapons and tools, but in later days they learned how to forge iron and discovered or had a mode of hardening copper, not now known, and of these they supplied themselves with many tools and weapons of war. With these also, they got better mastery over savage beasts

and animals needed for food.

Their clothing was of skins of beasts or cloth of coarse texture—they had not need of very much—and their food was of the simplest. Grains, herbs, fruit, nuts, a few vegetables, with the flesh of beasts. The thousand devices of modern cookery were quite unknown. Most of their foods were eaten raw, though they understood boiling and roasting. They had little need of fire for warmth and raw foods were handy and wholesome. They had a few simple implements for soil culture, but mainly trusted nature's hand for food.

They were artists in their way. They invented complicated musical instruments to echo the songs of the birds and winds and voice the music of their souls; and knowing nothing of books, they made history in pictures on the rocks and in caves. The pictures, evidently by human hands, lately discovered in the paleolithic rocks, we may well believe were the work of those pre-historical painters. It is hard to imagine any other authorship for them. We know of no other historical records from their hands than these. They seem to have had no thought of the needs of posterity, except the transmission of power direct.

And now, were these "former days better than these"? We have vastly more knowledge than had the antediluvians, but "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," as all human experience proves. Our life is rush and tumult, ambition, struggle and, too often, bitter disappointment, hope and despair, upward striving and then failure. No one attains his goal. The more we know the more we find there is yet need to learn, and that which is still beyond is all the time larger than what we have attained, and we know that this experience will still continue.

Have we, then, less good in life than these antediluvians? Shall we pray to be taken back to those less vexed—"happier" days? Who says it? Where is the man (unless it be some despairing criminal) who longs to go back to the simpler life of childhood? There are charms in the past, which we miss now, but who cares to go back to them. The grand men who lived before Noah did not experience the largest and best things that God has prepared for men. Were there no Christ they were better and better off than we, but in Christ we are far their superiors.

THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

Raoul De Verrieres.

(The article herewith was written by a young Japanese American of San Diego—of Latin descent—who lived for some time in Mexico and who had a position of trust under the government in the regime of Porfirio Diaz. A San Diego reader of The Pacific sends it with the hope that it may correct much that is misleading of late in the magazines and newspapers concerning Mexico.—Editor.)

Across the line from Tijuana, only a few short miles from our own peaceful city, they are fighting. Our nation is menaced since armed intervention would mean an enormous expenditure of money and a loss of hundreds of young lives, and at present we read a report daily of atrocities upon the persons and lives of our fellow citizens who are living in Mexico, and, in many instances, cannot leave.

We ask each other when it will all end and how; when the Mexicans will settle down, devote their energies to plowing their enormously fertile lands and cease the anarchistic turmoil that has reigned ever since the Madero revolution of 1910.

It is impossible to answer most of these questions, but we can have a clearer idea of our own duty by an analysis of the situation and conditions.

Let us say in the beginning that more than half of Mexico is not Latin; not a European product in any sense of the word. Part of the ruling class is of Spanish descent. Francisco I. Madero was one of them, but not all of these are of Spanish blood, and countless numbers of the ruling potentates—I use the word advisedly—are of Aztec blood, harbor Aztec ideals and possess a racial hatred toward all Caucasians. Porfirio Diaz himself, whom ex-President Taft considered a statesman, was nothing more nor less than an Indian dictator with all the ideas and ideals—if they may be called so—of his race, and ruling “his people”—for he so regarded them—with the iron hand of an Indian chieftain. He was alive to the possibilities that European and American capital possessed and granted to the favored class of Europeans and Americans enormous concessions in property grants and monopolistic privileges, but further than that he cannot be said to have contributed anything to the substantial progress of his country.

It is well known that all of Mexico is divided into two classes: ultra rich and peons, but very few people realize the wealth of the rich nor the poverty of the peons. The latter are of Indian descent and have been for years wage slaves of the wealthy natives and privileged foreigners who were developing, or better said, “exploiting,” Mexico’s almost unlimited resources. It is difficult for us to conceive of the attitude of mind of the average peon, and even those who live on this side of the international boundary line and whom we look upon as typically Mexican have modes of thought radically different from ours.

He is not a Caucasian, and he has not absorbed any of Caucasian civilization.

Now, remembering that we are dealing largely with aborigines of America, let us revert to the original question: what are they fighting about?

During the 28 years of Porfirio Diaz’ reign—I do not have a better word to describe his time in power—these aborigines were at peace, the enforced peace superimposed upon their restless natures by an imperial dictator. Thousands of the natives of Coahuila and Chihuahua and Sonora were deported from their native states to the southern districts where they were killed off by the low altitudes, terrific heat, and brutal overseers of the sugar plantations or the builders of the trans-isthmian railway.

I have seen a plantation overseer strike down a peon with a club and never turn to see whether the man got up afterwards or was dead. I know of another case from personal observation when a company that built a railroad “imported” 200 men and their families from the high plateaus of the northern territory. The heat was terrific, ranging from 120 Fahrenheit at noon up to 135 at 3 o’clock in the afternoon and seldom going below 110 at midnight. The new men were used to temperatures ranging from 85 to 95 in high altitudes and they died like plague stricken rats when driven on the works from “sun to sun,” the peon’s standard day’s work. Remember, it was a tropic day, and that meant about 12 to 14 hours’ work.

When I protested to the engineer in charge of the treatment the men were receiving, he merely replied: “I must get the work done by the middle of October; it won’t be so bad when the rains are over and until then it is cheaper to kill these off and get new ones to take their place than it

is to delay the construction of this road. Sugar mills are waiting for us to run cars, plantation owners are expecting us to make good and we will have to or the ‘old man’ (as Porfirio was called by we foreigners) will forfeit our concession. Every day this road is delayed we are losing money.” Losing money! What is human life in comparison? After all, they were only peons.

Today the brothers and sons of these same men who died in Yucatan, in Tepic, in Morelos, in Jalisco and on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are carrying arms to avenge their brothers’ and fathers’ deaths, are fighting with an Indian’s intense hatred against those whom they hold responsible for the betrayal of their relatives into slavery.

An example of the motive of vengeance in the strife of today is seen in Sonora, where the troops of Obregon are many of them Yaqui Indians fighting for vengeance against Ojeda—hated of the hated; the man who under mandates of his liege lord Porfirio Diaz transported hundreds of unfortunate members of the Yaqui tribe to peonage in the territory of Yucatan.

The rebellion against Miguel Gomez, jefe-politico of the northern district of Lower California, and the invasion of this heretofore peaceful territory by rebel troops from Sonora finds its keynote in the famous massacre of Orizaba, when this same jefe-politico ordered the strikers shot down and opened the works again with an “enganche” of men from the hill country who worked under the bayonets of his soldiers and the clubs of his overseers. At Ensenada the seeds of revolt have been scattered and this same occasion of the assassination of Rio Blanco Orizaba, as it is known to local Mexicans and to residents of the capital of the northern district of Lower California, is primarily the cause of the fighting that today is going on in Lower California.

Some of you have said, and among you are eminent statesmen, representatives and senators in our national congress, that the real cause of the revolution or rebellion of today is the desire to loot and plunder the rich “haciendados,” plantation and large ranch owners, and there is much truth in the assertion; but back of this desire to loot is the innate sense of justice of a people who have been unmercifully trod upon, the knowledge gained through years of peonage that they cannot gain an honest livelihood under present conditions in Mexico and a turning to pillage and slaughter is the only avenue of escape today. And this condition of brigandage that is today existent in Mexico has only one remedy: give the underdog a parcel of land, as the lawyers say, and the tools wherewith to cultivate it, and he will stop his brigandage instantaneously.

All the blame for the present revolution, all the reason for the fights of today are not, however, to be found in the oppression of the peons. There are other and potent causes, chief among which is the unlimited personal ambitions of a few of the ultra-rich. Porfirio Diaz gave away all of Mexico’s public land to twenty-eight of his personal friends, which was right from his standpoint of supreme ruler of Mexico’s destinies, but which, nevertheless, created a “baronage” unequalled since the middle ages and it is a trite fact that these “barons” are greedy for more and hate one another with all the intensity of avid birds of prey. They want enough income from their estates, without care or labor on their part, to live in delight and luxury.

Mexico City today is full of these plotters—money barons who have found their estates slipping from them and who,

having no mind to go to work for a living, have gone to plotting for one. They are intriguing and counter-intriguing, greedy, inordinately ambitious, and not stopping at treason, arson and murder.

The fight today in Mexico is peonage versus baronage, with the barons struggling for life one against another and inducing peons to slaughter one another or a foreign citizen in the hope that they may win out and further deplete the public treasuries and exhaust the national credits for their personal use.

Peonage and baronage are locked in a death struggle.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Chinese.—Six young men were added to the Chinese Congregational Church last Sunday, five of them on confession and baptism. The present membership of this church thus comes to be 218, with 60 non-resident, all of these, or nearly all, at work in places where there is no other Chinese church.

Grass Valley.—Since his return from his vacation, the pastor, Rev. Ben F. Sargent, has reaffirmed his intention of closing his work with this church at the conclusion of three years of service in October. The church has reluctantly accepted the decision and a pastoral supply committee has been appointed, of which Mr. Fred M. Miller is chairman. The church is in excellent shape and hopes to secure a pastor without delay.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Plymouth Center announces a series of lectures on "The Napoleonic Period in Europe," by Professor Morse Stephens of the University of California. Dates: September 12, 26; October 10, 24; November 7, 21; December 5; January 9, 23; February 6, 20; March 6. Free tickets to the number of 550 have been issued.—The attendance at Plymouth Sunday school last Sunday was 751. There were 640 scholars and 111 visitors. In the Beginners' Department there were 94 little ones.—Wednesday evening of this week and for the three Wednesday evenings following, Mr. Bradley will speak on four great American preachers: Charles G. Finney, Dwight L. Moody, Charles Henry Parkhurst and Maltbie D. Babcock.

A NEW JAPANESE MISSION TO BE WORKED UPON A NEW PLAN.

At Montebello, a suburb of Whittier, distant from that city about five miles, an interesting service was held on Saturday evening, Aug. 23rd, as the opening of a Japanese mission under the care of, and largely supported by, the Congregational Church in Whittier. About 75 persons were present, of whom about 15 were American, mainly from the mother church and including the pastor. There were songs and prayers, but most of the time till a very late hour was used in addresses by neighboring Japanese pastors. The brief English addresses were by Rev. Wilson J. Marsh, the pastor, Mr. Rideout, the chief promoter of the undertaking, and the superintendent. There are twelve or more Japanese Christians concerned in the movement, who would furnish an excellent nucleus for a church which should be a branch of that at Whittier.

The work will differ in some respects from that to which

we have become accustomed. It begins with a pastor—Rev. Y. Nakadate—already on the ground. The action under which he was called to the field was taken, I suppose by the Christian Japanese above referred to, under the advice and co-operation of American friends. He is at home with wife and children in a comfortable cottage, the double parlor of which is the central meeting place. The audience at the opening packed these rooms and overflowed into out-of-doors.

There is no Japanese village (nor really any other) but in a territory about six miles square some 500 (more or less) Japanese are settled upon small farms which are in some cases owned, in others rented. This condition renders it impossible to maintain for adults an evening school such as, in most places, till recently, has been our chief instrument for coming in touch with Orientals, to lead them to Christ. A Sabbath school has been started for children, which grew in three sessions from three pupils to ten. There is also a small kindergarten conducted by Mrs. Nakadate.

The work is such that the Sabbath falls on Saturday instead of Sunday. These farmers raise small fruits and vegetables for the Los Angeles market. They do not market anything on Sunday, and thus Saturday becomes their rest and leisure day, while on Sunday they must provide for Monday's marketing, and it becomes a day of hard work like any other. Consequently the public worship with preaching will be on Saturday, and except what may be done on Sunday for children living near the parsonage and not old enough to work in the gardens, there will be no special religious services on that day.

I trust that none of our readers and friends will stumble over this. Let us see to it that we ourselves keep the Sabbath on Sunday, as well as our Japanese brethren at Montebello will do it on Saturday. For the Fourth Commandment does not specify Sunday or any other particular day as the Sabbath; but ordains that six days of labor are to be followed by a seventh day of rest, and of such rest as will "sanctify" the day. When the six days begin on Monday the seventh will fall on Sunday, but if the six days begin on Sunday, then the seventh will be Saturday, and that becomes a Sabbath which I trust that our Japanese brethren will really sanctify.

It remains to be seen how this bright and earnest Japanese pastor will feed and tend his flock with best results. At present he is diligently learning to ride a bicycle—a very essential part of his preparation. My own impression is that having, on their Sabbath, preaching services at his home, he will have social meetings for prayer and Bible study on week-day evenings in several neighborhoods, coming thus, if possible, in touch with all the scattered Japanese who constitute his harvest field.

W. C. P.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mrs. G. D. Castor has entered on a position as teacher in Biblical Literature at Mills College.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Oakland next Sunday.

Secretary Wikoff of the Church Building Society went East early this week, expecting to be absent until the first week in November. He will visit his aged father near

Philadelphia and will do some speaking for the Church Building Society in the Atlantic states.

In the Japanese Branch of the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles there are eight young men in training for the ministry. Three of them are in the high school at Los Angeles and two of them in the University of Southern California; one in Union Theological Seminary in New York. Can any other Congregational Church in America match that in proportion to its size?

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity Mrs. C. F. Menninger of Topeka, Kansas, will speak concerning the Bible Study work carried on so successfully by her for many years in Topeka; and will tell also of the Bible Pageant not long ago in that city. The meeting will be in a room on the fourth floor of the Native Sons' building near corner of Post and Mason.

Mr. Chandler Harrison, the elder son of the Rev. J. K. Harrison, who was for many years the beloved Home Missionary Superintendent of the Northern California Congregational Churches, won recently a thousand dollar prize in architecture, which provides for study abroad. He will go early next year to Europe and will study and travel there for two years. That to which this young man has attained, his fine manhood and high standing in his chosen profession, since his father's departure several years ago into the other life, is gratifying to his many friends here, and it must also be gratifying to those who have entered on the higher life,—for we cannot believe other than that it is given to them to know of those whom they have left behind.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer will return from his trip abroad early in October. In a letter to the First Church of Oakland received since his cablegram was received he says concerning the call to the pastorate: "Such an expression of loyalty and confidence is enough to humble and sober any man and I find myself feeling not so much gratified at this evidence of your good will as overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility. Just what may prove the wisest thing to do, I cannot tell now. I have certain definite responsibilities to Plymouth Church which must be given full consideration, and there are other elements in the situation which seem to me to make it wiser for all concerned that I reserve a definite answer until my early return in October. I am coming back to Oakland ready to serve wherever it shall be clearly evident I can be most useful and efficient."

The Rev. S. C. Patterson, pastor of the North Berkeley Church, returned last week from his trip abroad. Saturday evening a reception was given him which was attended not only by members of the church and congregation, but by many other Berkeley friends. Mr. Martin, Secretary of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco, who is one of the board of trustees of the North Berkeley Church, voiced the love of the church for Mr. Patterson in very hearty words of welcome home. Mr. Martin said that all were ready to join hearts and hands with the pastor in the great work now opening up before the North Berkeley Church, which never before faced so fine an opportunity. It is expected that work will begin very soon on the new auditorium. Mr. Patterson reported a delightful trip abroad. In a very tender and touching way he told of the few days spent with his mother in Belfast, Ireland, whom he had not seen for twenty-three years.

The Home.

PEGGING AWAY.

Men seldom mount at a single bound
To the ladder's very top;
They must slowly climb it, round by round,
With many a start and stop.
And the winner is sure to be the man
Who labors day by day,
For the world has found that the safest plan
Is to keep on pegging away.

You have read, of course, about the hare
And the tortoise—the tale is old—
How they ran a race—it counts not where—
And the tortoise won, we're told.
The hare was sure he had time to pause
And to browse about and play,
So the tortoise won the race because
He just kept pegging away.

A little toil and a little rest
And a little more earned than spent,
Is sure to bring to an honest breast
A blessing of glad content.
And so, though skies may frown or smile,
Be diligent day by day;
Reward shall greet you after a while
If you just keep pegging away.

—Nixon Waterman.

'THOSE THREE DREADFUL D'S.'

Marian Harland.

The alliterative title is not mine by right of creation. The late Mrs. John Sherwood, author of "Manners and Social Usages," and other works along the same lines, has the credit of the pat phrase. She warned American women against confining their conversation to "the three dreadful 'D's'— dress, diseases and domestics." Somebody else has written a paper upon "Conversation as a Lost Art," incidentally animadverting upon the propensity of women who would disdain to indulge in "gossip" in the usually accepted sense of the word, to make the aforementioned topics the staple of their conversation with visitors and friends. According to both of these authorities, the three popular topics narrow the range of thought and lower the tone of society. Furthermore, they agree in declaring that the narrowing and lowering process is by no means confined to the underbred and illiterate. Women of culture and refinement have lapsed into the habit, without scruple of taste and conscience.

I wish that I could deny the accusation after long and painful examination of the facts in the case. Since reading Mrs. Sherwood's caustic classification and the essay that repeated and enlarged upon her criticism, I have been sometimes amused, then amazed, then disgusted to find how much reason there is in the statement.

Dress leads the way and claims ascendancy where women most do congregate for social enjoyment at the change of seasons. To illustrate from life: I sat one moonlight night last summer upon a veranda overlooking a fine view of lake and mountain, and heard six women—all gentlewo-

men—talk for one solid hour upon the probability of radical changes in the prevailing mode of dress skirts shadowed forth in the advance autumnal styles coming in from Paris. All agreed in pronouncing the "hobble" ungraceful and uncomfortable. Half an hour was devoted to comparison of experiences and observations tending to prove the extreme undesirability of the mode. Each speaker had had for herself, or witnessed in somebody else, mishap or mortification arising from the scantiness and brevity of the fashionable petticoat. One had tried to step over a street gutter; another, to climb a country fence; another had the unspeakable chagrin of seeing her skirts "work up" almost to her knees in a crowded street car; a third considered the sight of a woman in a narrow skirt of thin material walking against the wind "absolutely indecent."

"But"—this from the eldest matron of the party when they had talked themselves out of breath and expletives—"what are we to do with the gowns we have now, if fuller skirts come in? Some of us (I speak for myself) can't afford to throw them away. And nobody has had the forethought to buy a few extra yards of material to provide against the possible change."

The Everlasting Subject of Dress.

The suggestion threw the doors of fancy and ingenuity wide open. That the fuller draperies must come was a foregone conclusion with all who were up to the "tricks and manners" of merchants and dressmakers. How to circumvent their fell designs was the question debated until, my patience clean exhausted, I stole out of reach of the excited voices.

Not one of the speakers was a dressmaker, and I am quite certain that not one had ever made a gown for herself in her life. All were educated and of more than average intelligence. Some—and not a few—witty speeches were made, and there was not once a flash of ill nature. Yet all were intensely interested in the matter under discussion and did not weary when it overran the time at which the coterie usually dispersed for the night. Six well read gentlemen talked for sixty minutes of hobble skirts and their probable doom!

Two months later they would debate with equal fervor the question of long coats or short jackets for the coming winter. The basal fact that, while last winter's ulster may be cut down, it is nothing short of an impossibility to piece out a jacket by any cunning contrivance and combination of trimming, will be lamented as bitterly as their respective lords bemoan the defeat of presidential candidates.

We must dress, and duty to ourselves and to those who take pleasure in our companionship dictates that we should dress becomingly. Prudence decrees that persons of limited means should study methods of keeping in sight of the prevailing mode, yet not burn their bridges behind them, in view of probable modifications of what is en regle today, and may be antiquated tomorrow.

Now for my "but"! Since we employ "artists" to design and make our garments, must we waste time that could be devoted to higher things in talk that fosters personal vanity and tends to pettiness of purpose, as vulgar as it is belittling?

And Then The Ills That Beset Us.

Our second "D" is yet more unpleasant to nice tastes and refined imaginations. Was it Benjamin Franklin or Horace Greeley who predicted the coming of a day when one would be as much ashamed of being ill as of being drunk? The dawn of that day has not yet flushed the eastern sky. On

the contrary, the march of medical and surgical science has opened so many more avenues of possible cures of fleshly ills that every week supplies us with new and startling matter for thought and comment. The fabled jester of old found fault with the man made by Jupiter because he had not a window in the chest through which one might look and read his thoughts. The anatomist of the twentieth century has done everything but this to make transparent the wonderful mechanism of the human form divine. I would speak with becoming reverence of the noblest work of the Creator, and honor the benefactors whose researches have lengthened the average of human life by almost a decade. The topic is dignified and ennobling. The details of the disorders that throw the beautiful machinery into confusion and cause decay of its several parts are revolting and discouraging. I may not be as much ashamed of impaired digestion as I might be of intoxication, but I should have somewhat the sensation at the mishap that would abash me if I had so far failed in the management of a piece of delicate machinery intrusted to me that it would not work properly. To allude to my fault in conversation with those in whose regard I would stand high would be a blunder.

Some of my readers may not have heard an anecdote which was related to me months ago as a veritable occurrence, and which I have since seen going the rounds of the papers. It is good enough to bear repetition and fits in here so neatly that I cannot withhold it:

A witty woman was invited to an afternoon tea where she met a dozen or more other bright women. In the social chat into which they fell over the teacups, mention was made of an operation for appendicitis from which one of the guests had lately recovered. She was invited to enter somewhat at length into particulars attending the ordeal and told the story so well that another was vividly reminded of a similar experience that had been her husband's two years before. Another woman had had her appendix removed ten years back, and it had so chanced that the surgeon was the same who had operated upon a floating kidney for another visitor. A sympathetic auditor had had a diseased liver for twenty years; another had had hemorrhage of the lungs and been compelled to spend two years abroad to cure the affected organ.

Three had undergone agonies of dyspepsia and regretted that surgical enterprise had not yet accomplished the miracle of extracting, rectifying and returning to its right niche that most refractory section of the human make-up—the stomach.

It Proves To Be An "Organ Recital."

The one listener who had no tale to unfold for the general edification thus reported upon the conference to her husband when she got home: "I thought I was invited to a tea party. It proved to be an organ recital!"

To one unfamiliar with the growing custom of comparing diseases and describing surgical operations so common among us as to excite no adverse criticism the stories of diseased "organs" told during the progress of a social function are simply repulsive to imagination and gresome to the sensibilities. We all know that these things are. Some of us are but too well acquainted with the particulars of the defects, breakages and setting-to-rights of the aforesaid "organs." They are no more fit topics for drawing room and table talk than would be the exhibition of soiled clothes ready for the laundry and tainted meat condemned by the butcher.

The most helpful book it has been my fortune to happen

upon for many a day is the able compend of certain of the late lamented Maltbie Babcock's sermons, under the caption of "Fragments That Remain." Any one of them, read before breakfast, is a better "toner" for the day's labors and trials than any elixir compounded by druggist and prescribed by physician. He has a word to say upon the duty of repressing the loathly details at which I have hinted:

"Cultivate the best part of speech—Silence! It takes great command to do this. It means immense self-control. It involves sturdy and persistent self-repression. If you did not sleep well you need not mention it in the morning. If your breakfast does not agree with you you are under no moral obligation to find fault with it. If you feel wretched and disagreeable there is no law or obligation that you exploit the fact. You are at liberty to keep your aches, and pains to yourself. No one will feel defrauded."

Have you ever asked yourself how much of the apparent interest with which your "organ recital" is heard by your best friends is mere compassion, of the same strain with that which would move the listeners were a dog with a broken and crushed leg to limp into the room, and how much is sympathy, begotten of love and fellow feeling that "makes us wondrous kind"?

Be compassionate in turn, and spare the friend mental and physical nausea. It is a depraved and ghoulish taste that gloats upon recitals of bodily diseases. If you have not shame natural upon the mismanagement of the machinery of God's making, at least humor the fastidious whims of others and keep the broken instrument out of sight.

Advertising The Doctor And The Drug.

Mrs. Sherwood might have tucked in another "D" in close connection with the second we have just considered. Perhaps she thought that drugs were so bound up with the thought of disease that it was not necessary to dissociate them. Some demi-semi invalids are as truly addicted to drugs as if their lives depended upon the administration and assimilation of them. Don't take even your tonic in the sight of well people. And do not let slip into your talk praises of the panacea to which you feel that you owe life and health. If it be patented you may be morally certain that it is sufficiently advertised by the proprietor thereof. In lauding it you betray the damage done to your "inner works" and the necessity of oiling, or gluing, or renovating them. The suggestions are not pleasing. In a word, comport yourself as if your whole system were normal. If you were never so slightly unhinged in mind you would conceal the humiliating circumstances as sedulously as your remaining wits would enable you to do. Even decided lunatics are cunning in duping the uninitiated into a belief in their sanity. Learn the art, and do not let into your chest or stomach the telltale glass recommended by Momus. The disclosure interests few, and bores more than your vanity would let you believe. There is nothing exceptional in your organs until they are damaged or decaying. Then, common decency should keep you silent.

Come we now to the last of the dreadful trio.

Society, at its best estate, holds a large percentage of women who are vain through and through; who bestow a hundred thoughts and fifty words upon their outward adorning where one is given to mental and moral graces. And every circle has its full quota of hypochondriacs who glory in their shame. That housemother is exceptionally discreet

who does not, now and then, take her neighbors into her confidence respecting her domestics, and the peculiar tribulations of her position as nominal mistress of her house and home.

Forty years ago I wrote in a chapter upon "Servants" in a homemaking manual something which so exactly expresses what I have to say today upon the same subject that I transcribe it here without apology.

"Avoid talking of your domestic affairs with people whose gossip upon these topics is habitual. You are angry when a whiff of an unfavorable criticism of yourself as woman and 'boss' is wafted to you from the kitchen through dumb waiter, or register, or open window, an accident that will occur while the tones of the plaintiffs are loud and untrained by education and policy. 'It is mean and unkind—traitorous, in fact,' you say, 'for them to misrepresent and revile you—after all the kindness you have shown to them, too!'

"Bridget, or Chloe or Gretchen, passing the parlor door and catching the sound of her name as roughly handled, may have her own sensations and draw her own inferences—being human, like yourself!

And The Always Unsettled Servant Question

"It is tiresome and underbred and downright vulgar—this ever-lasting exchange of experiences anent 'my cook and 'your chambermaid' and everybody else's 'hired girl.' It is time that sensible women ceased to imitate in this respect the manners of the class they censure and put down the bootless tattle with a strong will and steady hand. Order your household then, as far aright as you can, by the help of common sense and grace from on high, and let Mesdames Jones, Smith, Robinson and Brown look to the ways of their own homes and expend their surplus energies upon their neighbor's concerns—counting you out!

"These same worthy, fussy and officious housemothers act upon the supposition that all servants are cast in the same mold. Being human—as they are (let us not forget that)—the probability is that there are varieties of the species."

It may have been the effect of early training in a home where to discuss the failings of servants with casual acquaintances was reckoned conduct unbecoming a lady, and hardly second to the meaness and vulgarity of listening to "servants' tales," that bred in me deadly aversion to this sort of gossip. I believe the feeling to be rooted in good soil. I recoil instinctively from the woman who imparts to me her troubles with what Douglas Jerrold's satirical biography of "Mrs. S-k-n-s-t-n" calls "The General Plague of Life." When I must run in to my neighbor's house to pour out my woes because I cannot manage my domestics, and ask counsel from her, or express comfort from learning that she is even worse off than myself, I shall throw up the "job" of housekeeping and board for the rest of my days.

To communicate the shortcomings of my employees to the community in general and my nearest neighbors in particular, savors, to my way of thinking, of a breach of confidence. It is a sound principle of the family code governing well-bred people that "dirty linen should be washed at home."

Make no exception in counting out said linen. If certain pieces are coarser in texture and more soiled than the rest, hang them carefully at the rear of the drying ground.—The Continent.

For The Children.

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet;
"I hate this warm weather! It is horrid to tan!
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan!"

Chirps little Miss Laugh
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day!
I sing through the house,
And cull the bright flowers,
And ride like a queen in the sweet-smelling hay!"
—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE GREEN BLUEBERRY.

Once upon a time there was a poor little berry who could not get ripe.

He lived on the blueberry bush, and on the bush hung a great many large fat blueberries, and of course he ought to have been like them; but because he grew too low down on the bush, so that the sun and air could not reach him, or for some other reason, he certainly remained a very green blueberry, although, to be sure he felt blue enough.

All the other berries were unkind to him, saying: "No one will pick you, Greenie. We being so big and fat, shall all be picked and put into fine pies and cakes; but no one wants to eat hard, green berries, so you will be left."

"Yes," said one very big one, laughing,—did you ever hear a blueberry laugh? They have such a soft, juicy laugh,—look at me, Greenie. Am I not a glorious berry, so fat, so big, so blue?" The poor little berry looked up longingly at her, when, puffing herself up more than ever in her pride, she—oh, what do you suppose happened to her?—she burst!

A few days after this dreadful accident two little girls came to the blueberry bush; and you can imagine how glad they were when they saw it. In a very short time they had every berry, and by mistake they had also picked the green one, too.

The children's mother was delighted when she saw the beautiful berries. "We will have a pie, and we will have a shortcake," she said to the cook; "and, Bridget, I will help you look the berries over." In doing this, she found the green one.

"Why, Eleanor, Margaret," she said to the two children, "here is a green blueberry. We cannot have him in our pie, can we?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the other berries. "Of course you can't. Throw him away!" But the children's mother paid no attention to the rude little fellows.

"Mamma," said Eleanor, "that berry is the very same color as Belinda Marion's dress; and I will have it for a locket!" She ran to her new work-basket which had been given to her at Christmas; and from it she took a needle, which she threaded with soft green silk, just the color of the berry. This she drew through the berry. Next she brought out a most beautiful doll, with blue eyes which

could open and shut, and with long, curling golden hair, and wearing a lovely green dress which really was the berry's color. The green silk was tied around her neck, and the despised berry was now hanging as a beautiful locket in the place of honor; and his little heart swelled with

When the children's supper hour came, Belinda Marion came to the table, too, sitting in her own high chair, and she was very well-behaved and quiet, never speaking one word all through supper-time. The children had for their supper bread and butter, milk, and each a small saucer of stewed blueberries; and, oh, how surprised those berries were when they saw what had become of their despised Greenie! They almost turned green themselves with envy. In fact, one might say they were almost "eaten up" with envy. And the green berry sat there in state, and saw them disappear!

Nor was this all. The children soon went to bed, first putting Belinda Marion in her white crib, and leaving her in one corner of the dining-room. Belinda Marion shut her eyes directly her head touched the pillow, and was soon fast asleep; but the berry kept his one little eye wide open all through the grown people's dinner, which followed the children's tea. When the dessert came in, what should it be but the blueberry pie! And the berries in the pie were astonished to find what had become of their green friend! But the berry smiled, and said nothing; and they, too, were all eaten before his very eyes. And the green berry hung on Belinda Marion's neck for weeks, and in all probability is hanging there now. At least, the last time I saw Belinda Marion and her little mistress he was still there, looking very comfortable, and if possible, greener than ever.—Ex.

LITTLE MISS TARDY GIRL.

At bedtime she sat in in the firelight's gleam,
And little Miss Tardygirl had a queer dream.
She dreamed that she'd turned to a wee flower-elf,
And was out in the meadow to live by herself.
Her breakfast was served in a big buttercup,
But she came there too late, and a bee ate it up!
She managed to miss every thistledown car
That went to the knoll where the blueberries are,
And she was too late at the Toadstool Cafe,
And so she went hungry, the long summer day.

At last it grew dark and she looked for a bed.
"I'll sleep in that lily," she drowsily said.
To reach it she climbed up a grass stalk so green;
How soft was it's golden heart, a bed for a queen!
"Too late," said the lily, and shut her bud tight,
Leaving poor Tardygirl out in the night.
At bedtime she sat in the firelight's gleam,
And little Miss Tardygirl woke from her dream.
She blinked her blue eyes as she rushed to her bed.
"Oh, don't shut it up—I am coming," she said.

—Mabel Merrill in *Youth's Companion*.

A few years ago we heard much of the conflict of science and religion, as if no common ground of reconciliation and sympathy could be discovered, but that battle has practically sunk behind the horizon. Many who were much troubled by the supposed warfare have now perhaps discovered that on the higher plane of science and religion there is no conflict, that it is only on the low ground of popular misconception that the conflict has ever existed.

PERSEVERANCE AND VICTORY.

Christy Mathewson, the greatest pitcher of the modern school, started in at a tender age. Christy lacked control. He figured out that the best way to get it was by practice. He rigged up a board with a hole a trifle larger than a baseball in the centre. This he set up in front of the barn back of his home in Pennsylvania. Winter and summer Mathewson practiced throwing the ball the required distance and trying to throw it through that hole. He kept pitching at that hole until he finally succeeded in sending the ball through it more times than he missed it.

To-day Mathewson is the dean of

major league pitchers. It is due not so much to the deceptiveness of that "fade-away," which breaks away from the batter and curves out, and it never was due to any terrific speed that his fast ball carried, but to deep and quick thinking. He pitches for a team that invariably is in the pennant race. Being the chief of the New York pitching staff, most of the hard work has fallen to the lot of Mathewson all these years. He worked harder than any team-mate or opponent in his league, season after season, outlasted the others. He studies every batter that comes before him, finds out his weaknesses and succeeds in outguessing him. Determination, doggedness, and studying have made Mathewson the master of his art.—H. H. Salsinger, in *Leslies*.

'TIS EVER THUS!

"Well, my love," said Mr. Dubkins, after her return from the polls, "did you get your vote at last?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dubkins, with a happy smile. "There it is!"

She threw the ballot upon his desk.

"Why," said Mr. Dubkins, "didn't you cast it?"

"Cast it?" retorted Mrs. Dubkins. "Cast it? You don't suppose for a moment that now that I've got it I'm going to let go of it, do you? Not if I know myself I'm going to have it framed."—*Exchange*.

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